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What Do Women Think About?

Here Is Evidence That a Variety of Interesting Things  
Take Up Their Attention.

What do women think about?

Your first answer will be that they think about their household duties, about their children, and the other routine cares of wifehood and motherhood.

Women should think about these things, and, having a keener sense of duty than men, they think about them willingly.

But they think about other things, too, and there could be no better index of what they like to think about than the contents of a magazine, which is made primarily for them and which they read by the hundreds of thousands.

Taking Harper's Bazar for July as the foundation of your index, you find that they think

ABOUT FAMOUS WOMEN

For instance. They know that the Queen of Rumania is to visit this country late in the autumn. They are interested in how she looks, what she wears, and what she has been doing since the war stopped devastating her country. They read with pleasure of the report of a possible marriage of her daughter to the future King of England, and that she was the first woman to be elected to the Institut de France since its foundation, in 1795.

ABOUT PRETTY HOMES.

They are particularly interested in the bedrooms of famous women like the opera star, Geraldine Farrar Tellegen. They wonder why a woman with as beautiful a place to sleep as is pictured ever gets up from such elegance to work at rehearsals in half-dark theaters. And then they wonder what the other rooms are like, and they find out in the other pictures.

ABOUT LOVE.

They wonder what really happened to the strangely dressed lady with the candle in her hand walking about like Lady Macbeth, though with a different purpose, they hope. Of course, they know that love is the one thing she is looking for, and they hope she finds it.

ABOUT FASHIONS.

They wonder if feathers fixed as they are in the picture at the right would look well with that white satin they saw advertised for \$2.69 a yard yesterday. They are absolutely certain that fine feathers make fine birds, but will this particular arrangement of feathers be becoming? If not, there are other feathers and other arrangements. Nothing can stop a woman from being attractive if she really puts her mind on it.

ABOUT DECORATIONS.

They know that the right thing in the right place will make home more attractive, so they wonder where they can put the strange-looking bird that is a combination of table and smoking stand and has other uses if one studies its possibilities. It looks somewhat like an Alaskan totem, but looks do not count so much as effect.

So you see there are plenty of things that a woman likes to think about if she can get time, and she finds an excellent guide for her thoughts in so artistic and authoritative a magazine as Harper's Bazar.



THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA.



GERALDINE FARRAR'S BEDROOM.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE LIVING GHOST," BY BURTON KLINE.



THE NEWEST FASHION IN FEATHER TRIMMING.

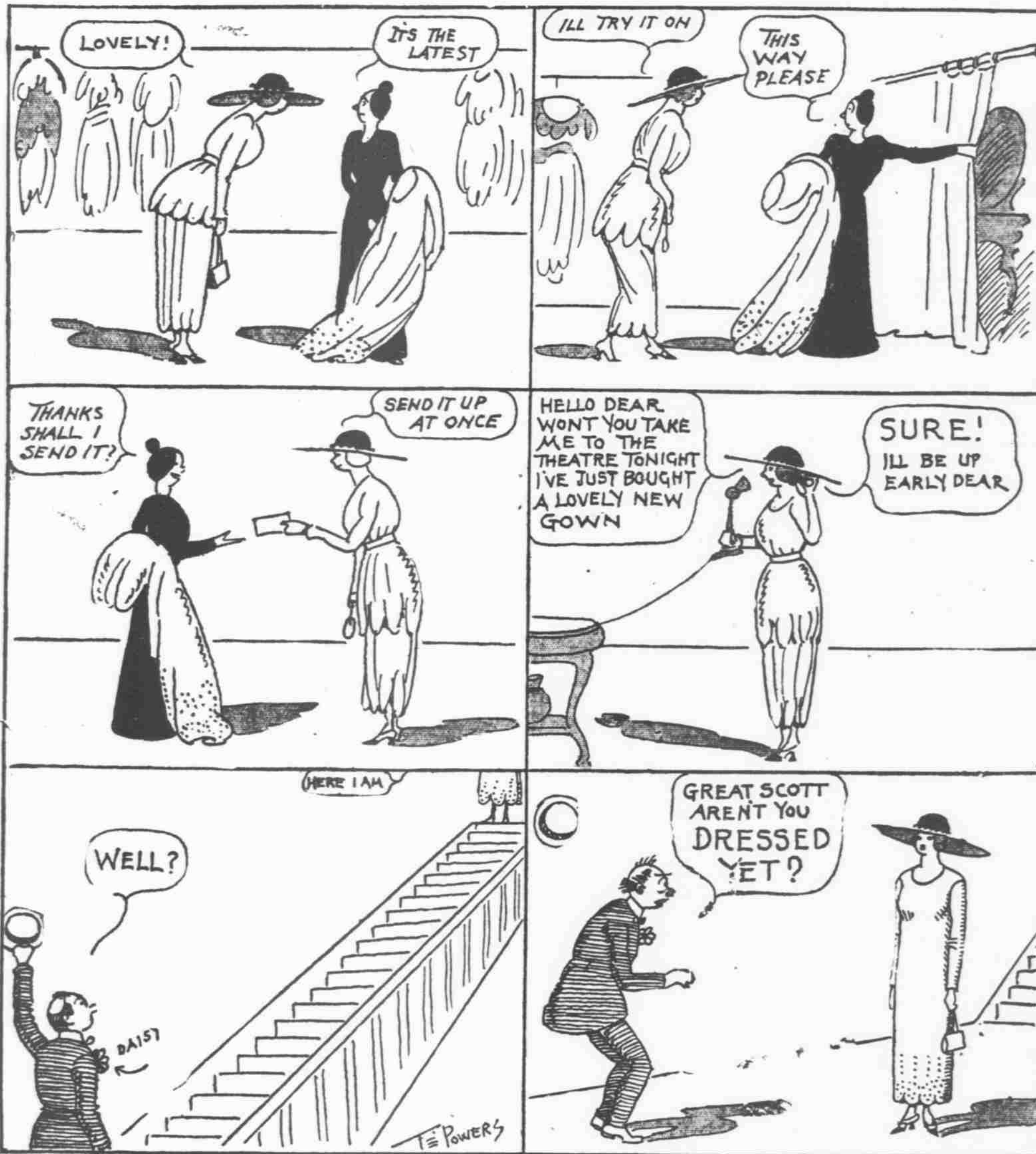


A BIRD WHICH MAY BE A TABLE.

The League of Wives

Only for the Hat It  
Would Be a Nightdress

By T. E. Powers



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers  
Especially for Washington Women

TODAY'S TOPIC  
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Going to Dances Without Escorts.  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
We are two girls who have lived in Washington all our lives and we find it hard to get acquainted with nice boys.

We do not attend any dances held in public halls, as we have heard so much talk about the girls that do attend them without escorts. Now, Miss Fairfax, what we want to know is there any harm for a crowd of girls to go to public dances without a partner.

TWO ANXIOUS GIRLS.  
I answered this question fully about a week or ten days ago. It is proper for girls to go to dances in groups if the place they patronize is above reproach. If it is one of those halls where strange young men "pick up" strange young women it is not advisable. Why do you not get cards to some war camp community center?

He Does Not Write.  
MY DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
Some time ago I met a soldier whom I have learned to care for, and I think my love is returned.

About six months ago he left the city, his entire company being sent to Philadelphia. I heard from him regularly, while he was in Philadelphia. Not long ago he left for his home town in New York. Before leaving he wrote me a letter telling me he was going away. Upon arrival in his home town he wrote me a postal.

Now, Miss Fairfax, what I want to know (as I haven't heard from him for some time) is it right for me to write him, as I know he is back in Philadelphia, or should I wait for him to write. I know his address, but I do not want him to think I am running after him, yet I would hate to lose his friendship.

TROUBLED.

It would seem as if absence was making your soldier boy fonder of some one else. And yet it is always wise to give a congenial friend the benefit of a doubt. You might give him one more chance with a bright little letter, not accusing him of neglecting you, but about things in general, and see if that brings any developments. If not, I'd try to forget him.

he hasn't said so. My girl friends are always teasing me about him and I'm afraid he has heard some of them. Here lately I met him at a party and he didn't even come over and say "Hello." In fact, he left the house about three-quarters of an hour after I arrived. I don't know what I did to hurt him and as I like him very much I wish to continue our friendship. What can I do, to do this without appearing anxious?

ENTRE NOUS.  
The busy friend, with ill-timed teasing, often brings about such circumstances as you describe. There is really nothing to do but bide your time and wait a favorable opportunity for renewing your friendship with the shy young man who has evidently been frightened away by the interest of your friends. It would seem anything you did at present to restore

things to the old footing would be ill-advised.

She Would Like To Be More Friendly.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
In our neighborhood there is a young man of whom I think a great deal. We have talked together a number of times, but he has never spoken to me of going with me steadily. I am considered very good looking by all of the young men. Another thing I have noticed about this young man is that he never asks me to kiss him as most of them do.

I would like to become more friendly with him and would like you to tell me how I can do so. A READER.

P. S. Is flirting a bad thing to do?

The only advice that can be

given you is, don't show the young man too plainly, how anxious you are to become more friendly with him. An over eagerness on the part of girls has spoiled a good many romances. Be friendly and agreeable and let the young man take the initial steps. In regard to flirting, if you mean smiling at young men whom you do not know in the streets, it is certainly very common.

They Had a Misunderstanding.  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
Am writing you these few lines, perhaps you can help me to decide as to which course I should take.

Am married five years, have gone through lots of illness and trouble. My husband has always been more devoted to me than the average man, very affectionate of nature and in love with each other.

Once in a while he would get stubborn and we would have little arguments. I am always the one to be the first to make up as he is of a very independent character. My love is always big enough to overlook and make up.

Last night we had one of the worst arguments I felt ill and irritable, and I passed an insulting remark in the presence of the people we live with. He, in return, insulted me. I said I would leave for the West, where my people are located, and he said, "I'll give you honor to do so." I am also of a very independent nature. I became hysterical. I packed my belongings, but hesitated, as I knew I would shock my folks and break my mother's heart. She is a very sick woman.

Please advise me what course I should take—leave home, I'm desperate. I feel like committing suicide or I may not be responsible for what I do. Am awaiting anxiously your reply. I have no ties to bind us.

He seems unconcerned whether I leave him or not it seems, and he says it can never be the same between us. I admitted to him that I was wrong, but he won't.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

As you have no fundamental grievance against your husband, nor he against you, I should renew my efforts to "make up" with him and continue them until successful. Nothing could be more ill-advised than this habit of quarreling and saying "insulting" things, especially before a third person. It only means, that you lack self-control, and leave yourself at the mercy of a storm of your own making. By all means, "make up."

Once-Overs

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WHEN A REPRIMAND IS RIGHT.

You are pretty careful to be respectful to the boss when you meet, but you have gotten to think that your employers are not so courteous to you.

Just what do you expect—more leniency as regards your errors? Are you not too prone to take offense when those who are held responsible for what you do have to reprimand you?

Have you considered that the heads of departments whom you think too strict are really doing you a kindness in making you more efficient?

If you are more efficient you are more secure in your position, and that should be worth something to you.

You cannot expect to be perfect—there are no perfect human beings—and you may have established habits, but these habits mean that you either keep the job or lose it.

It would be better and wiser on your part to take criticism gracefully rather than go along as you are, giving dissatisfaction. You can see faults in those who are a step ahead of you, and if you were in position to do so you would mention them to those concerned, would you not?

Make this application next time you are corrected, and do not be spiteful.

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.  
Meeting—Kentucky Association, Thompson School, 8 p. m.  
Concert—United States Marine Band, Macmillan Park, 7:30 p. m.  
Dinner Dance—Columbia Country Club, Fort Berry, Va., 7 p. m.  
Awards—Health Contest, Junior Red Cross, south steps Treasury, at 4 o'clock.  
Farewell Dinner—Circle for Spanish Conversation, Chapultepec Inn.  
Meeting—French Club of Washington, McLean Building, at 8 o'clock.  
Dinner—Columbia Country Club.  
Tomorrow.  
Lawn Fete—Vanderweken Chapter, Y. W. C. A., at 2417 Wisconsin Avenue, 8 to 10 p. m.  
Meeting—Emory Alumni Association, Emory School, 8 o'clock.  
Commencement Exercises—Frederick University, John Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church, Fourteenth and Corcoran streets northwest, 8 o'clock.  
Special Meeting—Board of Representatives, Federal Employees Union No. 2, Musicians' Hall, 1906 E street northwest, 8 o'clock.  
Meeting—Lieut. James Reese Europe Post No. 1, of the American Legion, Irving's Hall, Fourth and W streets southeast.  
Meeting and Dance—Washington Camp, Modern Woodmen of America, Camp Hall, Old Masonic Temple, 8 o'clock.  
Cabaret—Washington Welfare Association, Carroll Institute.  
Commencement Exercises—Dunbar High School, Auditorium, 8 p. m.  
Dance—Community Center, Cleveland School, Eighth and T streets northwest, at 8 o'clock.

A Real Estate Editorial

Directed Toward the Proper Solution of the Tight Housing Market.

By EARL GODWIN.

In one of the big real estate offices a woman was placing her house in the agent's hands for rental.

"It is possible for you to get \$150 a month for that house," said the agent. "I agree with you in that, but you ought NOT to take more than \$100 for it. That would be the proper and fair return."

"But Mrs. Blank gets \$150 for her house, and I want that much for mine."

"But that is too much and will help draw attention to Washington as a high-priced town, and Congress will do what it can by drastic laws to take your house from you, regulate the rent to a meager figure, and ruin you."

"Well," answered the woman owner, "I'll take a chance and get \$150, and when Congress comes along with a rent law I'll take a chance again."

There's the typical instance.

The real estate brokers, who own scarcely anything in the way of houses and apartments, are cautioning owners to ask for a PROPER return only on their property. The brokers are merely agents, and, being clear headed and long sighted, they know what it means to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. They realize the necessity for a broad, progressive program to meet the housing problem, and they realize that unless individual property owners act reasonably Congress will take the situation into its hands with an unreasonable law.

If there was more competition in the housing business, we would not have rents piling themselves on top of each other with unreasonable speed. Rents must increase, of course, but they should increase only in proper proportions.

If all the banks would lend money as they should on building operations, there would be more houses. In the pre-war days banks loaned about two-thirds of the value of the building operation to the builder. Now it is a lucky builder who can get more than one-half of the operation from the banks. And this in spite of the views of the largest business men in America that prices are NOT going to shrink with any marked rapidity.

With skimpy financing standing in the way of successful building, the owner of the new house must require a larger initial payment than ever.

This financial end of the problem is one of the toughest to solve. I understand that nearly all the banks are sticking to the prewar financial program. Soon some banker with a long, clear head and lots of cash is going to awaken to the possibilities and will begin to lend enough money to build in fair proportion and at fair rates. After that the tight housing market will loosen and the old law of supply and demand will be in operation again.

But don't blame the real estate agent. He is NOT the man responsible.

HEARD AND SEEN

There are going to be a lot of club men in this town when JOE WHITFIELD gets through with his drive.

SAM HART bought a new car and went so far as to let LESTER LANSBURGH drive it the first day.

Tom Moore is showing our old companion C. Chaplin to what may be called crowded houses these days.

Oysters in Indiana?  
Born in the shadow of the studio of Lew Wallace, boasting a literary dip in Riley's "Ol' Swamin' Hole," swapping yarns with Kin Hubbard, sitting next to Meredith Nicholson on a Pennsylvania street car, and performing various other kindred scholarly feats, and knowing positively nothing about oysters in Indiana, I feel doubly qualified to write authoritatively on the subject engrossing the attention of your intelligent readers. Anyone can tell by the foregoing sentence that it was not in vain that I lived in Indiana absorbing its atmosphere of words and phrases. Therefore, why shouldn't I write about oysters? There were (I will not say "are") oysters or mussels, in Riley's swimming hole, near Greendale, Ind., but they were never featured in the restaurants. Ever since the French settled at Vincennes where Alice of old Vincennes lived, oysters were the chief crop of the Wabash with its far away banks, and the pearls still sell for seventy-five cents a quart.

BLOOR SCHLEPPY.  
Water Shortage.  
"I am informed" says a good friend "That I can use my hose on my front lawn, but not a drop of water can go on my little 'Peace' garden on which I have spent time, money and labor. Some regulation."

And speaking of this water regulation, yesterday morning DURING THE POURING RAIN, at ten o'clock a man was industriously watering the lawn around the Hancock statue.

There may be a water shortage but the rum that is being bought in Baltimore will keep most of Washington wet for a long time. Looked like everybody in Washington was over in Wetville this week. They're selling likker right on the sidewalk.

And speaking of water and prohibition, What's the matter with having some drinking water for the general public in the Capitol and House Office Building? Yesterday while up there I only found one place where there was water, but there were no cups, only one chipped glass, which appeared to be none too clean.

Salvation Army pledges from now on until further notice should be paid to PERCY POSTER, at room 311, Union Savings Bank Building, 710 14th street n.w. Telephone Main 2371.

This Stuff Is Antediluvian.  
Who remembers the six-day female walking matches at old Kernan's? Track was 984 laps to the mile with railbirds every fourteen inches passing Coney Island cuff beers to the jaded striped sweated O'Learyettes and Westonettes.

BILL PALMER.  
If any property owner in Washington orders a Saulsbury steak in a restaurant shoot him on the spot.

Note By Office Boy—Don't waste a bullet. He'll die anyhow.

Electrify the R. R. Approach to Capital

There is a lot talked about making Washington the "City Beautiful." Why not first try to make it the City Habitable. It is already a gem, but a tarnished one. The first thing that strikes a New Yorker about Washington is the fact that the trains come into this fresh, tree decorated, flower scented Capital—I was going to say capital of the world, because, prompted by England, it has led in the affairs of the world for the past few years, not to mention the fact that it is the banker of the world—yes, the train comes in under steam! Can you comprehend such stagnation, or such lack of progress? This is the day of electricity. We cook by it; we eat by it; we light by it; we bathe in it, etc., etc. Why in the name of all that is up-to-date can we not bring our trains in by it? They do this in less beautiful cities for sanitary reasons, so why not in the most beautiful? Washington is a damp city—it lies low, smoke-laden humidity does not improve the catarrhal tendency of Washington, where everyone has nose, throat, ear, chest or lung trouble—not to mention the noticeably prevalent gotte.

Let us stand together and take up the task of making this Venus—now beamed and murky—a clear-visioned beauty ready to receive the wonderful proposed gifts of representative State buildings and other pre-war improvements that will bring under the misty pall, trying vainly to pierce its obscurity, unless we raise it and substitute electricity for coal. Give us a sanitary, beautiful city.

AN ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF WASHINGTON